

knows how commonplace and routine must be the work of the psychologist who makes none. James was a pioneer: progress, daring progress, was a necessity of his intellectual life. That throughout the English-speaking countries, and in no small degree outside them, he arrested for his subject the interest and attention of multitudes is beyond doubt. Much of his work is probably ephemeral: if I am right in believing that part of it will enter into the permanent treasury of knowledge he has indeed high honour; so candid and disinterested an inquirer would himself have been the first to set the torch to the stubble.

How, then, shall we explain the change of attitude that has become so conspicuous—the new valuation of psychology in the philosophical world? The language of some writers on this matter implies that a science unheard of before has somehow sprung to birth within the last fifteen or twenty years. I think, however, we ought to deprecate the use of any such title as “The New Psychology.” Professor Münsterberg has thrown out a very broad hint that even as we have in journalism such a thing as the “Yellow Press” it is possible for philosophy to acquire yellowness in the same sense. And Professor James once chilled an audience that was ready and willing to regard him as a sort of necromancer by stating that so far as he was aware no such thing as “New Psychology” existed.¹ There is an unfortunate tendency to-day to speak of the development of a science as if it were a kind of fresh brand. But it is surely preferable, if one can, to preserve continuity with the workers of the past rather than to affect the airs and fashions of an intellectual *parvenu*. We do

¹ “Talks on Psychology,” p. 7.